(10)

APPENDIX AD OPVSCVLA.

O D E.

DE

POTIORE METALLIS LIBERTATE:

ET

OMNIA VINCENTE FORTITVDINE.

AD

EARVM VTRIVSQVE PATRONVM,

GVLIELMVM ILLVM PITTIVM,

OMNI ET TITVLO,

ET LAVDE MAIOREM

SCRIPTA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.

A D. GVLIELMO BROWNE, E. A.

C. M. L. P. S. R. S.

Serviet aeternum QVI *parvo neſciat uti.*
Fortes creantur Fortibus, et Bonis. Hor.

Slavery is Gold miſunderſtood.
The Brave ſpring from the Brave, and Good.

LONDINI,

MDCCLXX.

1.

O D E.

PITTIE O Felix GVLIELME, ſalve!
Quem *beat Caelo popularis aura!*
' *Liberam* quod Tu Patriam ſateris
' *Nomine tantum :*

' *Omnia*, en! hîc dum *Pretio* parentur.
' Sicut et Romae memorat Poeta *
' Contigiſſe, hanc Luxuries ubi Altam
' Perderet Vrbem.

* Juvenalis, Sat. III. v. 183.

' Liberam

LIBRARY

O D E.

HAIL, Happy WILLIAM PITT, *O hail!*
Whom England's Voice can never fail
To bleſs! ' *That You the Truth proclame,*
' *And hold her* Freedom but a Name:

' *While here, lo!* All Things have their Price.
The Bard has ſung, This was Rome's Vice:
' *When, doom'd to ſo ſevere a Fate,*
' *Luxury cruſh'd that Glorious State.*

' *Indignant,*

‘ Liberam haud dignaris habere Gentem,
‘ Iura ubi, en ! Chara exſtiterint Emenda,
‘ *Ipſa Libertas* ubi *Sacro* aperte
‘ *Venditur Auro.*’

Dum, tuo nos Auſpicio fruentes,
Perditum Luſu, Veterem Vigorem
Sumimus, non difficile eſt Superbos
Vincere Gallos.

Liberam

‘ *Indignant, You will never own*
‘ *That Nation Free, openly known,*
‘ *Dear Rights, lo! daily to ſee Sold,*
‘ *And* Freedom's ſelf truck'd for Dire Gold.’

While, by your Auſpicies ſuſtain'd,
Old England's Vigor we regain'd,
Long loſt in Idleneſs ; the Proud,
Ambitious Gaul was ſoon ſubdu'd.

Thus,

Liberam Anglorum pariterque Famam,
Perditam Luxu, facile eſt reſumi;
Si modo et Te nos iterum fruamur
Auſpice fauſto.

Sic, videns vinctam Andromedam jacentem,
Tale Quam ſperat lacerare Monſtrum,
Magnus a morte Hanc rapere, et catenis,
Perſeüs audet.

Datur, Cantabrigiae, paulo ante Comitia,
In Solſtitio Aeſtivo fere Octogeſimo,
Junio in Teſtem vocato,

MDCCLXX.

FINIS.

Thus, We our Antient Freedom's Fame,
In Lux'ry loſt, might ſoon reclame;
Shou'd any lucky Chance remain,
Your happy Auſpices to gain.

So, laid faſt bound Andromeda,
Juſt ſuch a rav'nous Monſter's Prey,
Great Perſeus bravely dar'd to free,
And gave her Life, and Liberty.

Dated, Cambridge, juſt before the Commencement,
In almoſt the Eightieth Summer Solſtice,
June bearing Witneſs,

MDCCLXX.

END.